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Irish Travel, Vol. 04 (1928-29)

Irish Tourist Association

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION, DUBLIN.

VOL. 4.

SEPTEMBER, 1928.

NO. 1.

Ireland En Fete.

AS we go to press, the Dublin Horse Show has come to a triumphant conclusion, having in four days been visited by 96,000 people. The second revival of Aonach Tailteann, now in full swing, promises an equally brilliant success. Visitors have been attracted from all over the world, and many have availed of the opportunity to see the beauty spots and holiday resorts of the country.

The season so far has been a great success, and we trust the final weeks will continue to bring enjoyment to our visitors and to induce them and their friends to return in future years.

When we recollect that only a few years ago pessimistic wiseacres foretold the failure of the national endeavour to attract tourists, and doubted the ability of the country to cater for them even if and when they came, we think that those associated with the work of bringing the visitors have every reason for congratulation.

TO KILLARNEY—An Appreciation.

There is no resort in the world which is not from time to time the victim of some shortsighted act of profiteering, with its consequent unfavourable reaction on the good name of district and country. Killarney has been pilloried more than once in this respect, but it has now furnished an example which should be as pleasing to our visitors as it will be unpleasant for the "get-rich-quickers!"

A recent visitor to Killarney was grossly overcharged for a lake trip. A protest was lodged with the Killarney Tourist Association and the culprit was arraigned before its Committee. On his refusal to make the "amende honorable," the Committee promptly put its foot down and decided to take every possible step to uphold both its own and Killarney's honour. The next report received was that an apology had been signed and a refund of the overcharge paid to the complainant.

There is no doubt that the victory will have far-reaching effects in Killarney and, let us hope, in other resorts where such an example is necessary.

There is even less doubt that it was only rendered possible by the existence at Killarney of an active Committee, composed of the best and most influential citizens, whose sense of civic pride was uppermost, and whose interest first and last was the good name of Killarney.

In hoping that other resorts will take steps to form such committees, we can best conclude with the further hope that they will, if possible, find for chairmen gentlemen such as Mr. Eugene O'Sullivan, of Killarney. His firm and outspoken attitude was mainly responsible for the happy result quoted, and we have pleasure in making this public expression of our appreciation.

The Results of the "Irish Travel" Holiday
Competitions will be found on page 7.

Holidays—

How to make the most of them.

By SIOBHAN NIC SIOTHAIGH.

HOLIDAYS, a welcome break-away from life's drab routine, are precious things to be carefully garnered, joyously planned months ahead—in fact the planning is half the fun of the thing. Yet how few show any real enterprise, originality or initiative in their selection! How few show any evidence of selection whatever! Dublin, for instance, oscillates with clock-work regularity between Howth and Bray; Limerick between Kilkee and Lisdoonvarna; Cork between Youghal and Crosshaven; Waterford between Tramore and Rosslare; Lancashire—for we Irish are not alone in this—between Blackpool and the Isle of Man. I have known families to go to one seaside resort steadily for twenty years and almost to make a virtue of their constancy, till every pebble on the beach, every shrimp on the sand must know them intimately, and the pattern of the wallpaper in their favourite "Sea-View" or "Rock-Pool" Cottage must have long ago sunk into and become part of their subconsciousness. One weary matron once confessed to me, with a sigh, that she didn't even change her bread-van! Yet, to suggest the possibility of a change to these limpets would seem to savour of Bolshevism—almost as if one were to suggest changing one's spouse or one's offspring.

Our Holiday Ration.

And yet about twenty to thirty summer holidays is the ration allotted to most of us, while many have not even that number at their disposal—I mean, of course, those holidays over which one has a certain freedom of choice. Allow the first twenty to the domination of parents and environment, while one is growing up, dumped where the grown-ups will, dipped into the sea by nurses, flung into camp by schoolmasters to make a man of you, or shipped abroad to

IRISH TRAVEL HOLIDAY COMPETITION.

Prize-winning article in Associate Section of Competition. Siobhan nic Siothaigh : receives a cheque for £5. :

a convent to learn French, if Fate has decided to deny you manhood and you must be a daughter, my girl. Then, at the other end of life's span, dock ten for the tyranny of age, with its manifold restrictions, when one may have to spend one's holidays in dull "cures" at spas, or in bath-chairs. Allow ten more to life's little exigencies—birth, marriage, death—which have a way of making hay of our best plans. Then if we live the prophet's three score and ten, we may calculate upon thirty as our quota of holidays between this and the grave—



Photo]

At Bray, Co. Wicklow.

[I.T.A.]

"A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste."

What a crime to waste it all in one fell spot!

First Holiday Rule.

My first advice to those about to holiday-make is, therefore, never repeat a holiday in the same place. Even within the limits of a modest income one may have variety by a little forethought. It is sheer laziness to go to the same place summer after summer. If one spent but half the time planning holidays that one gives to clothes or food—this applies to both sexes "and means YOU," as the Americans say—one could in our own island manage to infuse enough savour into one's annual outing to last the rest of the year. Try it now.

Ireland's Infinite Variety.

In Ireland we have endless variety in scenery, weather and general aspect. Donegal and Glengarriff, Cork and Belfast, Achill and The Blaskets, Ballybunion and Bray present sharp contrasts—every



Photo]

Clogrennan Castle.

[I.T.A.]

county has its own type, its own peculiar characteristics. Most sea resorts have but the sea in common, and there the difference is wide between the mighty Atlantic breakers at the Cliffs of Moher and the quiet ripples along the Velvet Strand. There is no excuse for sameness, even if one never crosses the Irish Sea.

Second Holiday Rule.

The next holiday rule should be to get as far away from one's ordinary life, one's everyday self, as possible. If you are a town-dweller, go to the country; if you live by the sea, seek the hills; if in a city, for you the open spaces of bog or moor. If your work is sedentary, try a knapsack tour; if you spend your days with a young family, get away from them all for a spell. Husbands and wives should sometimes take holidays separately. They seldom enjoy the same kind of one and usually end in some miserable compromise that pleases neither. Nothing like yielding to a suppressed desire and working it out of one's system. A hard-worked civil servant of my acquaintance goes to his relatives in the West to help with the harvesting. Another, a harassed editor, paints in Donegal; a society belle seeks the quiet of Lough Derg in pilgrimage, its fast and prayer and sleepless vigils. In U.S.A. students during the vacation go to the canneries or do the waiting at fashionable resorts, in this way helping to pay their way (or "wait their way") through College, learning, incidentally, to know how the other half of the world lives. A busy woman teacher whom I know pulls down the blinds in front of her house and lives in a roomy garden at the back, where she picnics and studies the habits of birds. A

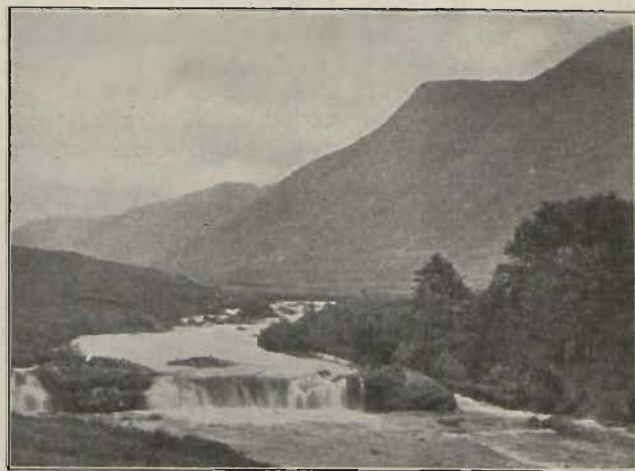
woman doctor goes off with a friend to a sheep-hut in the hills, going about barefoot to milk her goats and doing the cooking of the cottage as a sort of spree. Her hobby is cooking, but at home she has an immaculate maid who would not approve of any encroachment on her domain. All of these enjoy every minute of their holidays.

Hobbies on Holidays.

Another tip to promote the holiday spirit—bring your hobby along. For the "work-sodden"—Jack London's phrase for those hopelessly addicted to work as to a drug—there is nothing like some engrossing hobby—camera, curio-hunting, plant-collecting, folklore, antiquities. No wonder so many middle-aged folk break down under the strain of monotonous work, alternating with still more monotonous pleasuring. The millionaire who brings his money-making problems along with him might well swap places with the care-free tramp. To British or American victims of industrial neurasthenia, Ireland is an ideal spot for a holiday. Whatever our defects, we have a gift nationally for taking things easy. "Loaf and invite your soul" is a good slogan for jaded millionaires.

Get the Most Out of It.

Holiday-making is an art not learnt at once. But one's guiding rule should be to get the most out of every minute. H. G. Wells, in his "Utopia," recommends to the regular liver an occasional outbreak on cakes and ale. Holidays permit such moments of escape in terms of one's temperament. For eleven months of each year "giving and spending we lay waste our powers." In a vicious circle, as Upton



Photo]

Assleagh Falls.

[I.T.A.]

Sinclair puts it, we "go to work to get the money to get the food to get the strength to go to work, and so *da capo*. Holiday-time is our only chance to come to the surface and take a deep breath before plunging again into life's vortex.

The Impostor

By THOMAS KELLY.

With this short story Mr. T. Kelly has been successful in the Open Section of the Irish Travel Holiday Competition for Articles and Short Stories. Mr. Kelly receives a cheque for £5.

NORMAN BLAKE, an impish little grin on his face, walked down the path from the big hotel which faced Ballycoran Strand to the golf links at the back of the line of sandhills. He was going to keep his appointment with the professional, for even on the first real holiday which he had been able to take for years he was methodical. Not that he really enjoyed living to a time-table, but the scratch player under whose guidance he was daily knocking a couple of strokes off his score for the sporting course was much in demand. And Blake knew that he was on the road to good golf, for the professional had admitted that his tee shots were "not so bad."

The prospect of a pleasant day lay before Norman Blake. The morning round would be rather a serious affair, of course; then a swim and the substantial lunch that the hotel provided; in the afternoon a four-ball match between a care-free quartette; at six-thirty one of those dinners for which the hotel chef was noted, followed by an evening chiefly given up to auction bridge with a partner and opponents who all took the game in the proper spirit. All around him was an atmosphere of unforced jollity, a crowd of pleasant people out to enjoy themselves hugely and wholesomely—such a crowd as one should expect to find gathered in August at a well-run hotel that had not only the glorious sea before it but, for background, a panorama of mountain, valley, wood and river, that spoke of the prodigality of Nature as architect. The air he breathed was a veritable tonic; the scenery around inspired while soothing him; he was enjoying every day to the full.

Still his face puckered in a grin rather than a smile. His idyllic relaxation looked like being slightly marred, for he had failed to escape completely from the by no means unpleasant happenings which had urged him, as he mused in his London flat, to go a-holidaying in Western Ireland. Indeed he had come because the dream of many years had materialised, when his last novel had quickly jumped into the glad ranks of the best-sellers. Yet he wished to get away from it for a little. . . . His six previous books had gained him a modest reputation, but, "Even Unto —," published under his usual pen-name of Harold Chalmers, had captured the fancy of a wide-reading public and brought him pleasant fame. It had for theme the life of a young baronet who had inherited money made partly by evasions of the law as to weights and measures and by infringements of the Food and Drugs

Acts. With one accord the critics praised it, then a literary gossip hinted that it was actually the life-story of a living English baronet, Sir Ewing Berkington. That sent the sales up again, bringing notoriety to the author. Bombarded by interviewers and editors, he fled to the seclusion of Connaught for change and rest. He knew nothing of Sir Ewing Berkington—had indeed satisfied himself that there were merely two trifling coincidences in the alleged life-story. But with his real modesty and non-pushfulness, Blake was still human enough to appreciate a free and royalty-bringing advertisement

He received a minor shock the previous evening on discovering that a youngish man in the hotel was posing as "Harold Chalmers." For thus had the *poseur* signed a girl's autograph-book, and blushed to find he had given his identity away! The news soon spread to the other visitors, being accepted as truth. Blake half enjoyed the hoax, but was rather surprised at his own pique that morning on noticing the charlatan hesitate as to whether he would go for a long drive with the owner of an expensive car

Another pleasant day ended, the novelist went to bed rather early. He was dropping to sleep when an unusual bustle along his corridor reminded him that several new guests had arrived that evening. Sleepily he assumed they must be more boisterous than the usual patrons of the hotel.

On the morning following one of his golf partners enlightened him:

"Oh, 'twas some excitement, I can tell you! That chap, you know, wasn't Chalmers at all, and never wrote "Even Unto —." For Sir Ewing Berkington arrived here last night. Fact. The man the book is about. The boys got chipping him over it in the lounge, till at last he stalked up to the impostor's room, demanding an apology, withdrawal of the book, and all that! Upshot—the fraud admitted he'd been imposing on us. There'd have been trouble otherwise. . . . Silly chap's a clerk somewhere; ideas above his job. Sir Ewing gave it to him! So the poor chap paid his bill hours ago, and cleared off. He's a good judge, too, I should say, to hop it! The biter bitten again! . . ."

Feeling rather perturbed, Blake went down to breakfast. His holiday would be spoiled now! But he would meet Sir Ewing, for that foolish tale about the life-story must be scotched. The thing was going to be more than an advertisement. . . .

When the waiter arrived at his table Blake asked casually, "By the way, is Sir Ewing Berkington down yet?"

The waiter smiled broadly before replying.

"Then you haven't heard of the fuss, sir? That man come here last night was a rare fraud. A swell crook from London he was, running bogus companies. Took that name, I heard them say, because it was in the papers—something about a book . . . And the Civic Guards hot on his trail! They nabbed him two hours ago. Oh, a proper imposture he was . . . Porridge first, sir, I suppose."

"Yes, please," Blake replied, with a smile. His eyes sought the breakers that were tumbling shorewards, and he suddenly wanted to cheer. For his holiday was not going to be spoiled after all.



Irish Travel Holiday Competitions.

IN July we offered a prize of £5 for the best story or article submitted by any of our readers, and another prize of £5 for the best article or short story submitted by Members and Associates of the I.T.A. The successful competitor in the Open Competition was

Mr. Thos. Kelly, of Manchester,
and in the Members' Section

Sioban nie Siothaigh, of Dublin.

Cheques for £5 are being sent to the successful writers.

We publish in this issue the winning efforts.

IRISH TRAVEL also offered ten prizes of £1 each for the best ten photographs submitted by amateur photographers, and the following were successful. The winning photographs will be published from time to time in IRISH TRAVEL:—

Mr. John P. Reardon, Monkstown, Co. Cork.

Mr. Mayne, Abbey View, Killaloe.

Miss K. Milligan, 6 College Road, Cork.

Mrs. Townsend, Castletownsend, Co. Cork.

Mr. R. F. Cruise, Wilford House, Bray.

Mr. John Purdy (jun.), Ringmacailroy, Warrenpoint.

Miss May F. Brophy, 9 Prior Park, Clonmel.

Peadar O Dubhda, Bohar Dealgan, Dun Dealgan.

Mr. J. Reynolds, 17 Harcourt Street, Dublin.

Miss Heeney, 65 Mountjoy Square, Dublin.



Hares and Motors in Clare.

The incident which occurred recently when the Ballyvaughan golfers, returning from the competition at Gort, ran down and killed a fox under the shadow of the Corker Hill, recalls a curious experience I had after descending the Corker on a moonlight night some years ago. Just as the distant lights of Galway shone out when I came over the brow of the hill, that has a gradient of 1 in 11, the moon went into shadow, and a large hare emerged in front of the headlights. The animal turned the corner to the right at the foot of the hill, ran on in front through Currenroo Village, and kept up the pace over the $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles into Kinvara. When I accelerated, Puss speeded up; when I decelerated, the ghost hare, no doubt bewildered by the dazzling headlights, sauntered in front of the radiator at a more leisurely pace. At Kinvara he suddenly acquired the instinct to get down a side street, or perhaps he was driven to this course from sheer exhaustion.



Undeveloped Sport in North Clare.

A feature of North Clare that has never been developed from the point of view of the visitor is the fishing and shooting. There is excellent trout fishing in the picturesque Lickeen Lough, and in other of the stretch of loughs from Inchiquin north-eastward to Gort. There is rough sea fishing in abundance all round the coast from Kilkee to Kileolgan, and inland fishing in the tributary rivers. Rough shooting can be got in the sandhills towards Black Head, and there are numerous other opportunities for the better type of shooting wherever ground cover is available, and and this is in every stretch of moorland and mountain in North Clare. Moreover, the Banner County is one of the most enthusiastic for coursing in Ireland.



Excursionists from Wales visit South of Ireland.

A party of over one hundred members of the Irishmen's Club, Newport, arrived in Cork last month via Rosslare. An August holiday trip is an annual feature of the club's activities, but this is the first year that Ireland was chosen for the outing. Crossing on a Sunday to Cork, the visitors viewed Cork Harbour during a trip through its splendid scenery on the s.s. "Saorstát"; on Monday Killarney was the venue, and Tuesday was given to seeing Blarney and Cove, after which the visitors returned to Newport.

Mount St. Benedict, Gorey. By H. Owens.

*At a beautiful old house in Co. Wexford an interesting tourist experiment is being
: : : carried on by a Benedictine Monk : : :*



Photo] *The House at Mount St. Benedict.* [L.T.A.

MOUNT ST. BENEDICT (the "Mount") near Gorey, formerly a Benedictine College, but, temporarily, closed during the troubled times, may reopen ere long under happier auspices. Meanwhile Rev. Father Sweetman, its founder and head, is utilising the extensive buildings and outhouses partly as a huge poultry farm, partly as a guest-house for tourists, for which purpose the place is ideally situated.

Nearly twenty-five years ago Mount Nebo—formerly the property of the notorious Hunter Gowan—was acquired by the Benedictines of Downside and became ere long the centre of a little colony, a thriving hive of industry resembling the great monasteries of the Middle Ages where scholarship and manual industry went hand in hand. Not only was the community entirely self-supporting, but many experiments in forestry and woodcraft, hut building, in tobacco growing—the Mount produces still its own cheroots—in fruit-growing—seven acres being devoted to its orchard) were carried on successfully; a sawmill is operated, and the Mount has its own electric plant. Recently, since the return of Dom Sweetman from the United States, a poultry and rabbit farm have been added, and the guest-house is now available for visitors desirous of making Wexford a stopping-place during a trip through Ireland or of spending a holiday among its woods and dales.

Memories of '98.

The Mount is situated in the heart of a wooded park, with wonderful old trees—hoary beeches, immemorial elms and oaks, rare variegated sycamores, cedars and tree tall purple fuchsias make it a paradise for birds and wild life. All around are spots hal-

lowed by memories of '98. From a hill rising abruptly at the back of the Mount one may see the spot where stood the house in which Miles Byrne was born and the site of the Battle of Ballyellis.

An Interesting Experiment.

This year we have had already an increase of over 15 per cent. on the American tourists visiting Ireland, and there are signs that many of these have wisely decided to eschew the Continent in order really to see Ireland first. Instead of gulping down Cobh, Killarney, the Blarney Stone, and Dublin in one wild rush, en route for London-Cherbourg, several parties of Americans have this summer chartered motor cars and proceeded in leisurely fashion, travelling light and picnicking by the wayside, blissfully to make a circuit of the entire island, stopping off at convenient places as tide or whim dictated, untrammelled by rigid, hide-bound time-table, unharrassed by the tyranny of a set itinerary to be covered "by schedule," a device which has destroyed many a happily-conceived tour.

Round the Isle in 20 Days.

Such a party I encountered at a recent visit to Mount St. Benedict. Ciceroned by an Irishman who knows and loves every inch of the ground, this little party from Boston dropped their original scheme of rushing Ireland, Holland, the Rhine and Rome in one fell swoop, and decided to concentrate on Erin. For twenty days they planned to travel round the edge of our saucer-rim, taking in Wicklow, Wexford, Waterford, cutting across Cork to the Dingle peninsula, thence to Limerick, across Clare to Connemara and so via Mayo and Sligo to Donegal. Then to the fringe of Northern Ireland, taking in the Giant's Causeway and the Glens of Antrim, and so by stages which might be easy or rushed according to the time then left, back to Dublin and so home to Boston via Liverpool.

For such a holiday Mount St. Benedict, and indeed all the centres around, offers an ideal jumping-off ground. Within easy reach are such places as Glenmalur and the Vale of Inaal, Glendalough and the Vale of Avoca, Courtown Harbour (the sea is but seven miles away and can be reached at Courtown or Ballymoney), the Vale of the Slaney, Vinegar Hill, Oulart, the battlefields of '98, Avondale, the ancient towns of Wexford, Gorey and Enniscorthy, the Mount could be made the pivot for all sorts of expeditions locally or taken in, *en passant*, in the course of a general motor tour.

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PADDINGTON

EUSTON

Historic Houses in the Irish Capital

By F. P. Carey.

This is the third of a series of articles contributed to IRISH TRAVEL by Mr. Carey on Old Dublin Houses. Copies of IRISH TRAVEL containing the first and second of the series can be had on application.



Photo.]

Johnston's Court.

[L.T.A.]

JOHNSTON'S COURT is a narrow public way off Grafton Street, being one of the approaches to the Discaled Carmelite Church of St. Teresa, where Hogan's "Dead Christ" is treasured. The monastery here—at least the older portion of it—may be considered one of Dublin's historic houses, for in order to protect the existence of the church against the prohibitive Penal clauses, the dwelling-place of the friars was erected, as may still be seen, upon the roof of the edifice. Therefore to the charge that a proscribed institution, to wit, a Roman Catholic chapel for public worship had been set up, the reply could be made that the building was a dwelling-house.

It was in "The Court," and not in Grafton Street, as is sometimes stated, that the renowned Samuel

Whyte opened his first school, though he moved into the main thoroughfare during after years. Whyte's most brilliant pupil was Richard Brinsley Sheridan (born at 12 Upper Dorset Street, on the north side of the Liffey), but he was also the early preceptor of Robert Emmet, Thomas Moore, George Petrie, the celebrated antiquarian and artist (who resided at 21 Great Charles Street), and of the Duke of Wellington.

Wellington was born at Mornington House, 24 Upper Merrion Street, opposite the present Government Buildings, and the house was, afterwards, the abode of the notorious Lord Castlereagh. But some writers claim that the actual place of his birth was Leitrim House, 33 and 34 Merrion Square, though more responsible opinion adheres to the claim of the address first named. The "Iron Duke" felt, however, aggrieved in the fact of his Dublin nativity, for, when reminded that he was by birth an Irishman, he would reply that though born in a stable one could not be called a horse. Yet, in his later years he was a champion of Catholic Emancipation, and generally disposed in friendliness towards the aspirations of the Irish people.

Off Grafton Street is Harry Street, the farther end of which is Balfe Street. At No. 10 Michael William Balfe, composer of such popular operas as "The Bohemian Girl," "The Puritan's Daughter," and "The Maid of Artois"—to name three from a total of thirty—and of such well-known songs as "Kil-larney," was born in 1808. The mural slab placed upon the house-frontage in commemoration of the fact, and still to be seen, was devised, at his own effort and expense, by a Mr. Logan, a city stonemason and well-known theatre musician, who had been on terms of correspondence with the composer during the declining years of the latter, whom he greatly admired. Until 1917, the official designation of this thoroughfare was Pitt Street. But during the year mentioned, the Corporation, at the request of the late Mr. James Devlin, T.C., Mr. John C. Gahan, and the present writer, agreed to the change of name.

Among the memories of the Merrion Square houses the most arresting is perhaps that of No. 1, the birth-place of Oscar Wilde. It is, of course, sufficiently known that this extraordinary and unfortunate genius was born here; but public reference seldom takes account of the other interesting associations of the

house. Sir William Wilde, father of the author of "The Ballad of Reading Jail," was the actual tenant. He was one of the most eminent physicians of his day, a man who had put the record of a generation of medical research to his credit, and who had written extensively upon topics important to his profession. As well as this, he was a man of infinite culture, who took a practical interest in the intellectual movements of the age, a fact which, coupled with the



Photo] *Balfe's House in Harry St.* [I.T.A.

taste and enthusiasm to the same end of his gifted wife—who was no other than the poetess who charmed the readers of "The Nation" from above the pseudonym "Speranza"—this house became to Dublin exactly as the "sun-teoi" had become to any of the centres of ancient Greece.

No. 70 Merrion Square was the residence of James Sheridan Le Fanu, a writer surely entitled to more regard than that nowadays accorded him. He was the author of such notable novels as "Cock and Anchor," a fascinating story of old Dublin; "Uncle Silas," and "The House by the Churchyard." He wrote also the well-known recitation, "Shamus O'Brien," upon which Stanford based his opera of the same title.

Daniel O'Connell's house was No. 30, but now No. 58, since the houses on the Square have been subjected comparatively recently to a process of re-numbering. Around the corner, at 23 Holles Street, Richard Lalor Shiel, fast friend and chief lieutenant of the "Liberator," lived; while at 14 in the same street, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a doughty Protestant champion of Catholic rights during the Penal Days, and subsequently one of the "doctrinaire" of the Insurrection of 1798, had his abode. No. 5 Merrion Square was the residence of Sir William Stokes, the eminent physician, and at No. 14 lived Sir Philip Crampton, the equally eminent surgeon, to whose memory the drinking fountain which may be seen at the junction of Pearse and D'Olier Streets was erected in 1862.

As is singular, the Dublin associations of Samuel Lover are seldom referred to. Yet he was born at 60 Grafton Street, and was one of the pupils of old Sam Whyte. But the days of his early glory of versatile genius—he was novelist, lyrist, and artist—belonged rather to 9 D'Olier Street, where he lived before going to London. The song "Molly Bawn" was written here.

Just across the adjacent bridge, at 7 Lower O'Connell Street, Percy Bysshe Shelly, the poet, stayed while visiting the city, in 1812. From here we may proceed conveniently along the Northern Quays to Arran Quay, where, at No. 12, Edmund Burke was born, and where, at 32, John Haliday, author of the "Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin," and other historical works, resided, returning to the centre by Stafford Street, where a marble slab, placed over the door of No. 44, testifies that in that house Theobald Wolfe Tone lived as a boy. Tone was one of the founders of the Society of United Irishmen, which fostered the Rebellion of 'Ninety-Eight. He was arrested because of his connection with a French expedition of arms to Ireland, and sentenced to death at Green Street Courthouse. But he anticipated execution by fatally wounding himself with a pocket-knife in his cell at Newgate Prison.

The slab referred to was erected by a memorial committee formed during the Centenary Year, 1898, for the purpose of marking, or of otherwise honouring, places identified with the lives of the United Irishmen. Similar slabs have, therefore, been placed at 9 Lower Bridge Street, the residence of Oliver Bond; and at 151-152 Thomas Street, where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was captured and mortally wounded.

The birthplace of Dean Swift was 7 Hoey's Court, a narrow alley, off Werburgh Street, at the back of Dublin Castle. A slab inscribed to that effect may be seen in Ship Street, just without the western Castle gate.

Compass Points in Ireland

Galway



University
College,
Galway.



Lough
Fes,
Connemara.



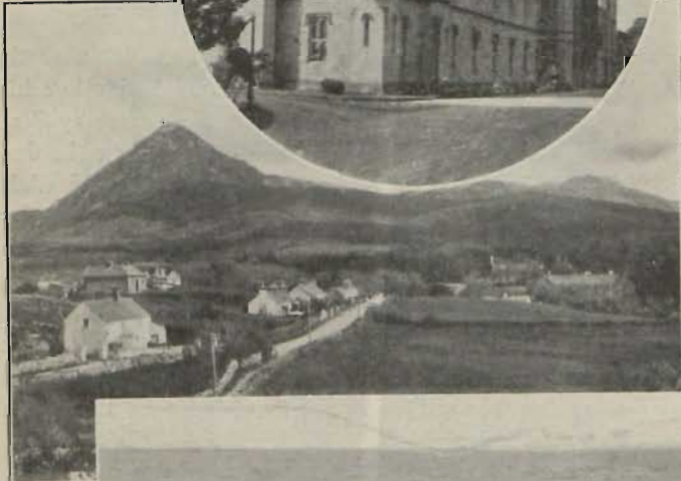
Photos] In Courtown Demesne.



John



Rosary
situated in North Donegal, Rosapen

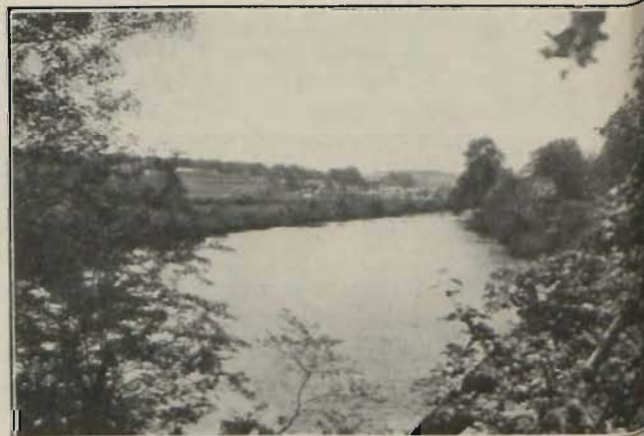


Letter-
frack,
Conne-
mara.



Photos] Bathing at Seapoint, Galway.

(I.T.A.)



Photos]

Fermoy, on the

North, South, East and West.

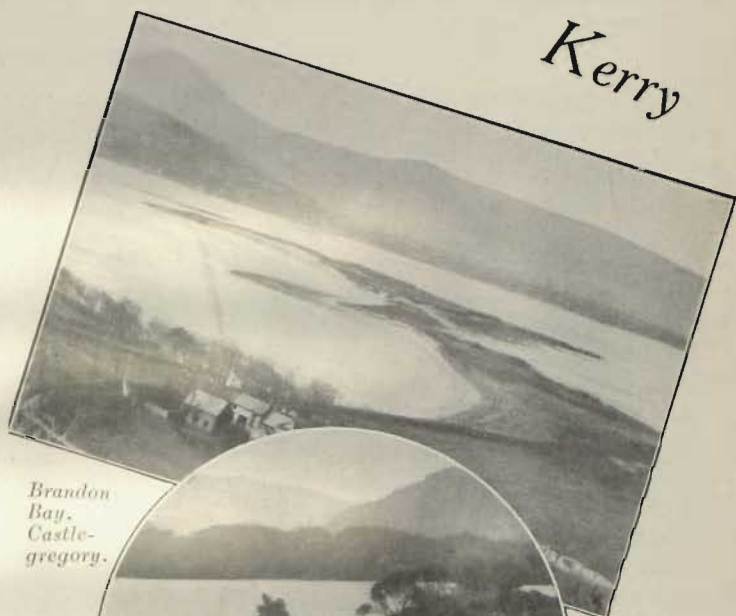


Castle.



Seliskar Abbey, Westford.

[I.T.A.]



Brandon Bay, Castle-gregory.



Middle Lake, Killarney.



Golf Links.

favourite holiday resort for sportsmen.



Doon Bay, Bally-bunion.



Crater.

[O'Brien.]



Photos]

Parknasilla.

[I.T.A.]

Royal Academy Memories.

By
M. LYSTER.

GHOSTS OF MOORE AND GOLDSMITH.

IT is quieter here than in most libraries. Few people are about. Sometimes a scholar sits with bent head at the large central table examining a yellowing manuscript. Sometimes a grave research student descends the spiral staircase to seek out an old legend hidden in the vault or to look at the great Geography book of Ireland called the Letters of John O'Donovan. But those others, fresh from football or cricket, do not break in here. Never does one hear that laughter—all the more wild because it is suppressed—of those that are but recently yoked to learning—nor do sighs surge up from readers whose thoughts stray far from the Organic Chemistry before them, or from the Works of Aristotle.

Quiet guards the sleep of history in this place; the shadows of the past fall more clearly here than they do on the weatherbeaten walls of old church or castle.

Few of us, indeed, have the store of knowledge that can revive the past from the ruins of field or village. The moss-covered stones are but unsteady links between the life around us and the life that is buried in other years.

But a broken harp, a letter written to a friend, the entry of a traitor's name in a Secret Service Book, plunges us in the past as if by a magic wand. In the quiet room the scene is set. With unfettered ease the ghosts slip into those untroubled spaces that have been forgotten but by a few. He who was a singer once again takes down his harp; he who toiled over written pages looks wonderingly about as if to ask if 1928 had brought him more fame than did 1758.

Here outside there are books from Russia and Scandinavia, from Italy, Greece and Spain, but the quietest room of all—the room within—holds memories of an Irish poet only. It is Moore's library. Two thousand of his books are ranged about the walls, and they are a medley collection. The works of Tertullian find themselves beside a bound edition of the "Belfast News-Letter." Near Catholic theology, law books, and eighteenth century comedies are the works of Sterne and the prizes awarded to Moore in that school where he learnt from Sheridan's master. On the front page of each is affixed the legend: *NON CEDO, CASO*. The legend alas could not be applied to the harp which once was the poet's and is placed above his books, for it has thirteen broken and only four unbroken strings! Near it is the portrait of John Kells Ingram, that scholar of Trinity College who wrote one of the most thrilling ballads of patriotism that desire for freedom ever inspired: "Who fears to speak of '98?"

Two medals which Moore won as a boy show that he cannot have earned the reputation from his masters that Goldsmith as a schoolboy won from Mrs. Delap that he was "impenetrably stupid."

From a miniature in the room without by Samuel Lover one can guess at the personality that won him fame. For was it not more as a troubadour that sang songs to his harp than by the magic of genius that Moore charmed men?

Two hundred years ago another great Irishman was born—Oliver Goldsmith. A letter written in the Temple Exchange Coffee House to a friend, Bob, and signed by Goldsmith is preserved in the glass-case of the third room in 19 Dawson Street. In this room, or it may be in the next, the Halliday collection forms a curious link between Moore and Goldsmith. The ghosts chuckle at it, perhaps, for the collection is a stupendous one of tracts left to the Academy by a banker.

The letter in the possession of the Academy represents the time in which Goldsmith was more or less established in London, but established in poverty. At any rate, after previous unsuccessful ventures, he had definitely left Dublin.

He was a poor student at Trinity College, for we hear of him pawning his books and taking drastic measures to defend himself, such as ducking bailiffs in the college cistern. He was given the sum of fifty shillings to start as a lawyer in London, but before leaving he was arrested. This turned out to be a singular piece of luck, for the boat on which he was due to sail went down with all her crew.

The letter written to Bob from the Temple Exchange Coffee House reveals a life of struggle and a mind aware of its own powers that rails with gentle sarcasm at the injustice of a world that had not recognised genius: "I must own," he writes, "my ill-natured contemporaries have not hitherto paid me those honours that I have such just reasons to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paint on any sign-post in the suburbs . . . the very snuff box makers appear to have forgotten their respect . . . but there will come a day, I beg you may live a couple of hundred years to see it . . ."

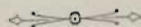
Concluding, he asks now that reality gives way to fancy about his own actual surroundings: "Gods! gods! here in a garret writing for bread and expecting to be dunned for a milk score. However, dear Bob,

whether in penury or affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine, Oliver Goldsmith."

He was a traveller, a scholar, a prolific writer, and a teller of "tall" stories. One of these was the flashing of woodcock on the Jura in June and July; another was the frozen waters of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and conversations overheard between Voltaire, Diderot and Fontenelle. But "The Deserted Village" remains as a monument to the truth of his lasting achievements.

The "couple of hundred years" are up, and surely his ghost will arrive some night this year to the vaults of 19 Dawson Street. He will climb the spiral staircase, glance perhaps wonderingly at that old letter he had despairingly scribbled in London, and that Bob had never torn up, wander through the quiet library and out into the street beyond, searching with dead eyes for that fame which life withheld.

Have the years forgotten their respects, as did the snuff makers and those who painted sign-posts in the suburbs? He will reach the bottom of Dawson Street and go through Nassau Street and come to College Green. Here is recognition at last. Outside Trinity College he will see "his face displayed," not "in the lively white and red," but in the more lasting grey.



With the Germans in Ireland.

Thanks largely to the enterprise and public spirit of the members and officials of Blackrock Urban Council, the recent visit of a party of German students to Ire-

land has been an unqualified success. To the Chairman of the Council, Mr. T. J. McKenna, a special word of praise is due. The visitors were delighted with Ireland and Dublin in general and the Rock in particular, and we are convinced that the success of



Photo) The German Students at the Rock of Cashel (Moloney.

They received a civic reception from Cashel U.D.C.

the venture will be the development of an important series of such tours of German students here in future years. On behalf of those who met the German party and their esteemed leader, Doctor Zorn, I can only say that if they were as favourably impressed by Ireland as we were by them we can expect them in their thousands in future years.



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At Roundstone.

By Dr. PRAEGER.

*In this article Dr. Praeger explains
the topography and botany of this
: : beautiful district. : :*

THERE are many attractive spots in Connemara, but surely none more attractive than Roundstone. It lies on the southern coast, on a deep, narrow inlet of the Atlantic, sheltered from the prevailing westerly winds by the heathery slopes of Urrisbeg, which rise directly behind the village to a height of nearly 1,000 feet. If we want to spy out the land, we can do so with advantage from Urrisbeg's breezy summit, for it commands a wide prospect of both land and sea. The dominating feature of this scene is the beautiful mountain group of the Twelve Bens (often mis-called Twelve Pins), which rises seven or eight miles to the north-east, on this side almost encircled by lakes. The Twelve Bens form one of the loveliest, most compact and attractive ranges in Ireland. They are composed of hard quartzite, with the result that their sides are very

steep and rocky, and vegetation is sparse. In the valleys there is often deep, rough peat, to be avoided by the visitor; but keep up along the ridges and over the crests, and the surface is all that the mountaineer could desire—clean slopes, and scarps and cliffs of good, reliable rock, on which a ledge a few inches wide provides all the handhold or foothold that the climber needs. From their craggy summits, which lie between 2,000 and 2,400 feet, he looks down on the chain of lovely lakes, famous for their salmon fishing, which sweeps in a semi-circle round the base of the mountains, from north-east to south-west. These lakes, with winding, heathy margins and wooded islets, are drained by the Ballynabinch River, which foams southward to meet the sea at the head of the bay on which Roundstone lies. But to return to the summit of Urrisbeg. If we let the eye wander westward, where the uplands sink down towards Clifden,

an extraordinary stretch of country lies spread below us—a vast extent of bogland, so filled with little shining lakes that it is difficult to say whether land or water predominates. During the great Ice Age glaciers rode heavily over this country, smoothing off the larger projections and leaving an undulating plain of rock not unlike the surface of the neighbouring Atlantic itself when a heavy cross-swell is running. Now all the higher parts are covered with vegetation and peat, and all the hollows filled with brown water, making a

veritable network in which one may easily lose one's way. Similar ground may be seen in some parts of the Hebrides. This area is full of interest, especially to the naturalist. Many rare plants grow on the heathery knolls and along the lake margins—bearberry and dwarf juniper, the lovely St. Dabeoc's heath, London pride, the wave pipe-

wort, the water lobelia, and a number of others. Some of these have a very special interest, for they are plants which in the whole of the British Islands are known wild only here. Some of them are southern plants which have spread from south-western Europe at some bygone time: the London pride and St. Dabeoc's heath belong to this category. It would seem that a considerable migration of plants took place at a distant period from the Peninsula and the Pyrenees. A few (such as the two mentioned) reached and settled down in western Ireland. Others did not get so far, but found a refuge in the south-western part of England, where they form a remarkable feature of the vegetation. (Such are the Cornish heath and the Fringe-leaved heath.) One or two others, like the Irish spurge, have formed colonies in both southern England and western Ireland. But the group has its headquarters in the Pyrenees and along the



Photo]

Old Graveyard, Roundstone, Connemara.

[Welch.

Mediterranean, and its coastwise migration into Ireland, whether by land (as is probable) or by sea, is very interesting. It raises fascinating questions, into which it is not possible to go here, as to ancient coast-lines long since washed away or submerged below the Atlantic. But it may be pointed out that the presence of Pyrenean plants in the west is not the strangest problem of the kind which confronts the botanist in this country; for there are in the wildest parts of Ireland, far removed from human influence or opportunity of casual introduction, several plants and animals belonging to North America, which appear to have crossed from the New World by natural means, probably by way of Greenland and Iceland, and to have reached in this way the most westerly outposts of Europe, where they have settled down. Their migration hither suggests much greater changes in the present outlines of the land than would be required to explain the incoming of the Pyrenean flora.

But quite as interesting as the mountains and moors is the wild, rocky coast which stretches from Roundstone towards Galway on the one hand and towards Slyne Head on the other. It is extremely broken, with bays and headlands and outlying islands. Opening off the sheltered channel on which Roundstone stands is the extensive sheltered bay of Bertraghbuy, an ideal place for small boat sailing; while if one ventures seaward one is at once in the open Atlantic, with low, glaciated islets rising from white fringes of foam, and the dim outline of the famous Aran Islands away to the south-east. On one of these neighbouring islets, Inismaedara, or St. Macdara's Island, stand the remains of one of those ancient little ecclesiastical settlements which the early Irish monks so often founded in spots the most remote and inaccessible. This islet is exposed to the full fury of Atlantic gales, as is witnessed by the bare beach of solid granite, a quarter of a mile wide, which has been swept clear on the western side, its upper limit piled with blocks several tons in weight which have been wrenched off and cast up by the winter rollers as if they were pebbles. The islet is low and grass-covered, quite bare of shelter save where the walls of the little church still brave the wind and rain. A more hospitable spot is the deep little bay called Port-na-fedog (the plover's harbour), now corrupted strangely into "Dog's Bay," which lies a couple of miles south-west of Roundstone. Here an outlying islet, serving as a breakwater, has become connected with the mainland by a spit of sand, which on either side presents to the waves a lovely curving beach of white sand. The sand has blown inland, too, and being highly calcareous, has induced a growth of several very rare plants of the limestone which are quite absent from the peat and granite which cover the adjoining countryside. The sand of Port-na-fedog is itself of unique interest, being composed almost exclusively of the tiny and beautiful

shells of the microscopic creatures called Foraminifera—but this subject deserves, and has received, an article to itself in IRISH TRAVEL.

A few miles to the westward, south of Clifden, another snow-white beach may be seen which owes its origin to vegetable, not animal, growth. In this case calcareous algae—seaweeds which build up tiny bodies resembling corals—are washed ashore in vast quantities—quantities so great that the incessant removal of cartloads for use as manure on the acid, peaty soil of the district makes no difference in their amount.

Westward from Roundstone and southward from Clifden, the land narrows and runs out towards Slyne Head, which projects far into the ocean. This is a glorious spot in fine weather, with close-cropped sward and bare rock, and the Atlantic billows foaming on the western side. Little lakes lie embosomed, reflecting the blue heaven; seabirds dash about in the windy sky; and an intoxicating air blows in from the sea. Slyne Head itself is on an island which forms the extremity of the promontory, its tall lighthouse standing sentinel over this last vestige of European land. On the sheltered eastern side a curious rounded hill attracts attention, rising over the little harbour of Bunowen. This is the choked vent of an ancient volcano, which in times much more recent than that at which the surrounding country took on its present form, burst forth and, like all mundane things, "abode its destined hour, and went its way." Now the sheep graze on its green slopes, and the visitor, reclining on its summit, drinks in the wide and glorious prospect of mountain, moor and ocean that stretches on all sides.

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Pontoon as a centre of North-West Connaught.

By JOHN R. COGHLAN.

CÆSAR was a very mighty fellow, thought many a schoolboy on reading that "Caesar threw a bridge across the Rhine." The edifice referred to was probably a pontoon or bridge made of boats. The traveller will be mistaken, however, who expects to find such a structure as this spanning the bit of water between Lough Conn and Lough Cullin in North Mayo. The spot is on the direct road from Castlebar to Ballina, in the "lake district" of North Mayo.

To "see the West" in a day or so if one's time is so limited, the road from Galway through Oughterard, Recess, Kylemore, Leenane, Westport and Castlebar, and thence past Pontoon for Ballina or Foxford, will give a kaleidoscopic view of that land of stone, gorse, heather, bog and lake which comprises the two counties of Galway and Mayo.

If, however, we are more fortunate and can make Pontoon the centre for a few days, we will not spend the time in vain. Pontoon Bridge Hotel (at which the writer has always found a hospitality in contrast to the wild and rugged countryside) stands just across the bridge. Square and flat-roofed, it overlooks the two lakes, back and front, respectively. Fishing, shooting, boating and bathing are available for all so interested.

Parts of the lakes around present a Riviera-like appearance, and Nephin (his head perhaps in the clouds) looks down with his neighbour hills on the visitors who have come to admire them. Half a mile out in Lough Conn lies Glass Island, where six families live almost in a world of their own; no need there for notices on the gate saying "no circulars, no hawkers"—there is no need even for the gate!

Half a mile from the bridge is the little village of Cungmore, congested to an extreme, nestling in a rocky hill. The traveller (from wherever he be) cannot but enjoy this little kraal, if he takes any interest in human nature. The inhabitants are a semi-Irish-speaking community. They are all related, and are all McHales, the individuals being distinguished by

combining their own Christian name with that of a parent or grand-parent or both. Great welcome and friendliness are extended to any who show interest in the inhabitants or their affairs. Visitors from the North of England will be interested to hear the adventures and opinions of the old men who have crossed the water yearly in their young days for harvesting activities, and have studied Britain, city and country, better perhaps than any native thereof. Their tales are told like those of some Sinbad, and the other folk are proud of these adventurers and believe every word, however wonderful, unlike those to whom the hero returned in "Hiawatha."

It strikes one with regret that their hard lot prevents these people from appreciating the surrounding beauties of nature and that their talk is too often (if the "bull" may be excused) of "castles in Spain" in America. The rocky soil is hard to utilise, but it produces fine potatoes like snowballs.

A run of three and a half miles along the shore of Lough Cullin brings us to Foxford, where we may be shown over Providence Mills, controlled by the local Sisters of Charity. The "homespun" and other woollens produced in this admirable little factory are dispatched from thence to the ends of the earth.

With Pontoon as centre we may see Castlebar (Mayo's capital), while equi-distant in another direction is Ballina. Easily visited in day-trips are Belmullet Peninsula, Achill Island, Mallacanny, Newport, Ballycastle and Killala Bay, where the Frenchmen landed in the late 19th century. Not a branch grows westward on many of the trees about some of these coastal parts, the Atlantic breezes press so strongly on them; and were not the rocks so bold in facing the waves the geography of Ireland (and perhaps even of Britain) might have been different.

Inland we find a road leading us up the picturesque side of Lough Conn to Crossmolina, and thence across to Bangor Erris.



Photo] Mr. Healy with salmon from Pontoon. (L.T.A.)

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By Sean O'Kennedy.

IN a notable book, from which we borrow our title, Daniel Corkery has written of the Hidden Ireland of other days. That was the Hidden Ireland of history. To-day we have its counterpart of holidays. Every county has magnificent attractions capable of being popularised for a new holiday full of health and interest and permanent educational value. The subject of my few notes is but one of many.



Photo] On top of Galteemore. [I.T.A.]

A recent opportunity to visit the grave of Ireland's great historian, Geoffrey Keating, brought me to the heart of historic Tipperary. The old church at Tubrid, which contains a modest monument to Keating's memory, lies in the valley between the Galtee and Knockmealdown mountains, with Kickham's Slievenamon towering behind, and the horizon—which is Cork—fading out over miles of smiling pasture land in front.

There was little in the old church, and nothing outside it, to help one in reconstructing the Ireland of Keating,

and I sought local advice on further sightseeing. The information vouchsafed to me brought the decision that this was good ground for at least a week, and I now give a programme which may interest some of the younger minds, especially in the Metropolis.

It is a programme for the modest purse, and I therefore omit hotels from my calculations with the passing mention that for those desiring them good hotels can be found at Cahir, Clonmel and Mitchelstown.

Choosing as a centre either Clogheen or Ballyporeen, any five Dubliners can make the return journey by rail, enjoy good, clean, comfortable board accommodation for a week, and carry out a full and varied programme of tours on foot and by motor with every variety of interest, except the sea, for about £5 each. To Dubliners the absence of the sea is of no great import unless they languish for the attractions of Bray. If so, let them stay at Bray. Here is my programme:—

1st Day.—Leave Kingsbridge 2.30 p.m. Arrive Clonmel or Cahir and leave by bus for tour's centre, arriving about 7 p.m.

2nd Day.—Motor to foot of Galteemore and climb to the highest peak—an easy task well repaying the energy involved. The view over the Golden Vale, almost to Limerick City, is one of the most inspiring in Ireland. The five lakes on the Galtees should also be included, and a luncheon basket will be appreciated—to the last crumb.

3rd Day.—Visit Galtee Castle, seated on one of the lower peaks of the Galtees, and return for the piece de resistance—the famous Galtee Caves, better, though erroneously, known as the Mitchelstown Caves. Some hours can be spent on exploring the miles of underground passages and thousands of rock formations which are unique in these islands. This will also be a "luncheon basket" day.

4th Day.—Motor tour to Shanrahan Churchyard, the hiding place and last resting place of Father Sheehy; Shanbally Castle and Demesne; Burncourt Castle, destroyed by Cromwell; Tubrid Churchyard, with its memories of Keating, and Ardfinan Castle, described

in detail in a recent issue of IRISH TRAVEL.

Returning in time for a late luncheon, the party could conveniently finish the day with a short walk on the foothills of the Knockmealdown range.

5th Day.—Motor trip over the famous "V" road across the Knockmealdowns to Mount Melleray Monastery. Thence



Photo]

[I.T.A.]

Memorial Stone inscribed in Latin,

In the old church at Tubrid, and dedicated to the memory of Eugene Duhy and Doctor Geoffrey Keating, one time Vicars of the parish of Tubrid.

to Cappequin, along the Blackwater Valley to Lismore and Ballyduff, and home again across the mountains.

6th Day.—Alternative walking tour to the highest point of the Knockmealdown Mountains or motor trip to Araglen, Fermoy, Glanworth, with its fine old Abbey, Mitchelstown, and home.

7th Day.—Motor tour to Cahir and Cashel, visiting en route the Moate of Knockgraffon.

8th Day.—Leave for Dublin by bus and train, arriving 7.40 p.m.

(Continued at foot of next page.)

Activities of the I.T.A.

Meeting of Board of Directors — 8th August, 1928.

The following were present at the meeting held in Dublin on 8th August—Mr. J. C. Foley (presiding), Dr. W. Lombard Murphy, Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, Senator P. W. Kenny, Mr. Walter Baird, Mr. Barry M. Egan, T.D.; Mr. W. Giles, Mr. J. L. O'Brien, Mr. James Reade, Mr. F. H. Crowley, T.D.; Mr. W. O'Reilly, Mr. P. Hogan, and the Secretary.

Apologies for inability to attend were received from Mrs. Maud Walsh, Sir Maurice O'Connell, Mr. W. J. Mulcahy, Mr. F. Gallagher, Mr. M. Gallagher, Mr. T. J. W. Kenny.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A letter was read from the Department of Industry and Commerce intimating the decision of the Minister of Finance that no Government Grant will be made available to the Association.

It was decided to express the disappointment of the Association at the unsatisfactory result of representations made on this subject, and to raise it again in January, 1929.

CO-OPTION.

It was unanimously decided, on the proposal of Mr. Baird, seconded by Senator Kenny, to invite Mr. C. E. Riley, General Manager, Great Southern Railways, to fill the vacancy on the Board created by the resignation of Mr. E. W. Mauger.

MID-DAY SERVICE BETWEEN DUBLIN AND HOLYHEAD.

The Chairman drew attention to the desirability of a mid-day service, Dublin-Holyhead, for the convenience of travellers from the provinces, and the Secretary was instructed to interview Mr. McDowell regarding the possibility of the proposal, particularly during the summer months.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The Chairman reviewed the main items of the Financial Statement covering receipts and disbursements and assets and liabilities, and the statement was adopted.

LECTURE TOUR, GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Geo. Fletcher, M.A., appeared before the meeting and gave a resumé

of the methods which he proposed to adopt if authorised to undertake a lecture tour during the coming winter and spring. The Chairman reviewed the position from the point of view of the effect of such a tour.

It was unanimously decided, on the proposal of Mr. Baird, seconded by Mr. Giles, that Mr. Fletcher be engaged for a period of six months for lecturing in Great Britain, the period to be from October 1st to March 31st. On the suggestion of Mr. O'Reilly, it was decided that particular attention should be given to the possibility of attracting sporting visitors.

VISIT OF SECRETARY TO U.S.A.

A memorandum having been circulated on this subject, the Chairman expressed the view that the Secretary could not be spared for a longer period than six weeks, and it was decided that he be authorised to undertake a tour in U.S.A., with six weeks' leave of absence from ordinary official work for the purpose.

Offers of free transportation were before the Board from the Cunard Steamship Company and the White Star Line. The offer from the Cunard Company, having been the first to come to hand, was accepted, and the Secretary was instructed to convey to both Lines the Association's thanks for their generous offers.

The question of date of departure was left for decision by the Finance Committee, but the view was expressed that, if otherwise convenient, the Secretary should travel with the representatives of the American Passenger Agents' Association, who are visiting Ireland in September.

CONTRIBUTING COUNCILS' REPRESENTATION.

On the proposal of Mr. Egan, seconded by Mr. O'Brien, the following representatives nominated for membership by contributing public bodies for the year ending March 31st, 1929, were formally co-opted:—

Waterford County—Mr. Michael F. Walsh, Main Street, Cappoquin.
Louth Co.C.—Mr. Wm. J. O'Reilly, Knockabbey, Louth.
Clare Co.C.—Mr. Patk. Hogan, T.D., Ard na Greine, Ennis.

Kilkenny Co.C.—Mr. Simon Walton, Remeen, Tullaroan.

Tipperary (S.R.) Co.C.—Mr. W. J. Mulcahy, Ardfinnin Castle, Cahir.

Cork City—Mr. Philip Monahan, City Commissioner.

Roscommon Co.C.—Mr. M. O'Braonain, T.D., Carrowkeel.

Dublin County Co.C.—Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington.

Dublin City—Mr. P. J. Hernon, City Commissioner.

Kildare Co.C.—Mr. Jas. J. Byrne, Kilkullen, Co. Kildare.

Donegal Co.C.—Mr. F. Gallagher LL.B., Solicitor, Donegal.

Bray U.D.C.—Mr. P. J. Meighan, Commissioner.

Kerry Co.C.—Mr. F. H. Crowley, T.D., Rathmore.

Pembroke U.D.C.—Mrs. Maud Walsh.

Mayo Co.C.—Mr. M. Davis, T.D., Ballina.

BOARD MEETING AT ROSAPENNA.

The Secretary reported that arrangements were going ahead for the Board meeting at Rosapenna, and it is hoped that there will be a large attendance of members of the Board. Final arrangements regarding programme, etc., will be circulated later.

ADVERTISING.

A recommendation for further expenditure of £100 for general press advertising in Great Britain was referred to the Finance Committee for Executive decision.

Expenditure of £150 on sports advertising, recommended as part of the general scheme, already approved, was authorised.

The Secretary was instructed to prepare for the next meeting a report on expenditure on advertising to date.

OFFICES—IRELAND AND ABROAD.

Further to a report from the Secretary it was decided to consider this as one of the first items at the September Board meeting—the whole question of the suitability of all present offices will be discussed, and decisions come to regarding desirability of changes for 1929.

(Continued from previous page.)

All this is capable of unlimited alteration. The more strenuous can eschew the motor with resultant economy or *vice versa*. Further, there is good trout fishing for those so inclined. I have every reason to think that a programme involving over 200 miles of rail and 200

miles of motor travel can be accomplished with all meals and good accommodation within the £5 margin by a party of five (this number being necessary to reduce the cost of motor hire to the minimum). If any readers are interested, I am prepared to put them in touch with people on the spot. Why do

not the people "on the spot" here and elsewhere realise that right here is a source of revenue for their district capable of unlimited expansion amongst city folk? Why do not our Tourist Association or Tourist Agencies take it up? Now is the time to begin for 1929.



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 s.s. "DRESDEN"Sept. 15th, ..
 s.s. "MUENCHEN"Sept. 29th, ..
 s.s. "DRESDEN"Oct. 13th, ..
 s.s. "MUENCHEN"Oct. 27th, ..

s.s. "DRESDEN"Nov. 10th, 1928.
 s.s. "MUENCHEN"Nov. 24th, ..
 s.s. "STUTTGART"Dec. 8th, ..
 s.s. "DRESDEN"Dec. 22nd, ..

COBH to CHERBOURG & BREMEN

s.s. "DRESDEN"Sept. 7th, 1928.
 s.s. "MUENCHEN"Sept. 21st, ..
 s.s. "DRESDEN"Oct. 5th, ..
 s.s. "MUENCHEN"Oct. 19th, ..

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To NEW YORK

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 CEDRIC..... Sun., September 9
 ADRIATIC..... Sun., September 16
 CELTIC..... Sun., September 23
 BALTIC..... Sun., September 30
 and sailing every Sunday thereafter.

To BOSTON and NEW YORK

CEDRIC..... Sun., September 9
 CELTIC..... Sun., September 23
 CEDRIC..... Sun., October 7

To QUEBEC and MONTREAL

MEGANTIC.... Sun., September 9
 ALBERTIC.... Sun., September 23

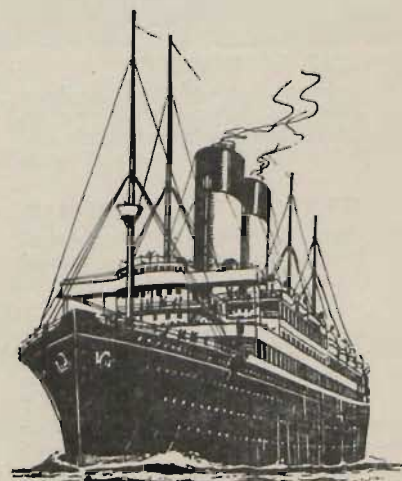
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